

For
Miss H. Emilia Sly.
 SONGS OF
Mary Queen of Scots



WRITTEN BY M^{rs} CRAWFORD

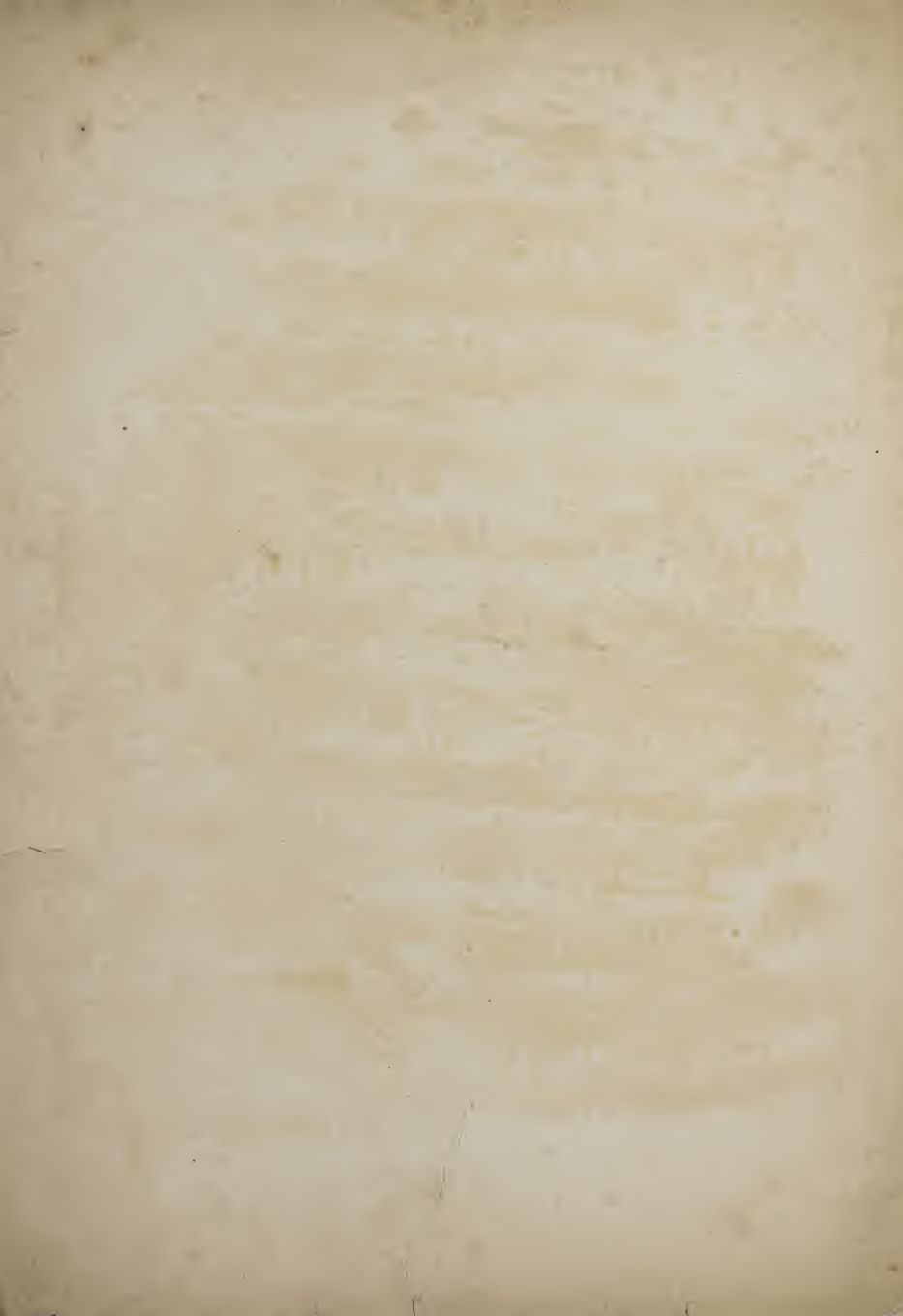
COMPOSED BY GEO. BARKER.

N^o 1. THE ROYAL BRIDAL. N^o 3. THE CAPTIVITY.
 N^o 2. FAREWELL DEAR FRANCE. N^o 4. CHATELAR TO MARY.
 N^o 5. CHATELARS FAREWELL.

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THE ROYAL BRIDAL

3

OF

THE BRIDE WITH HER MAIDENS.

The beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, having completed her education in France, was united to the Dauphin, with extraordinary magnificence, and amidst the universal rejoicings of the capital and kingdom, before she had completed her sixteenth year. One of the old Chroniclers, speaking with rapture in her praise, says, she appeared more beautiful and charming than a celestial goddess; and while every eye dwelt with rapture on her face, every voice echoed her praise, which was re-echoed by the court and the city. Her dress was very splendid, all the skill and resources of Parisian art having been called into requisition on this interesting and important occasion, for the future Queen of France. Her robes were so brilliantly ornamented with diamonds and gorgeous embroidery, as to baffle description.

Words by MRS. CRAWFORD.

Music by GEORGE BARRER.

ANDANTE.

The score consists of a piano introduction and a vocal melody. The piano part is written in G major, 2/4 time, and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal melody is written in G major, 2/4 time, and features a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are: "The Bride with her maidens came gracefully forth, With the wreath on her beautiful brow, Ah what are the sceptre and crown of the North, To the".

The Bride with her maidens came gracefully forth, With the wreath on her beautiful

brow, Ah what are the sceptre and crown of the North, To the

cresc.
 garland that cir-cles it now?..... To the garland that cir-cles it

now? The King gave the word to the page at his side, As he

rose with the no-bles of France; Now bring forth the Bride in her

ad lib. beau-ty and pride, And let the pro-ces-sion ad-vance. *cresc.* Now

p a Tempo.

bring forth the Bride, in her beau-ty and pride, And let the pro-ces-sion ad-
p
p
vance.

2

The Bridegroom look'd up, and love beam'd in his eyes,
 And joy in his countenance shone,
 As like a bright vision just dropp'd from the skies,
 Young Mary came smilingly on:
 Her form, in its beauty so dazzling and bright,
 Seem'd to float on the gossamer's wing,
 And her veil flutter'd light, as the breeze of the night,
 When it fann'd the young roses of spring.

3

Now in proud Notre Dame, at the altar they stand,
 And the rites of the Church are begun,
 And they kneel for the blessing with hand join'd in hand,
 As their hearts are united in one.
 Then the merry bells ring, and the flags float around,
 And the Pageant comes forth in her pride,
 And the Louvre's high halls at the banquet resound,
 With the praise of the beautiful Bride.

